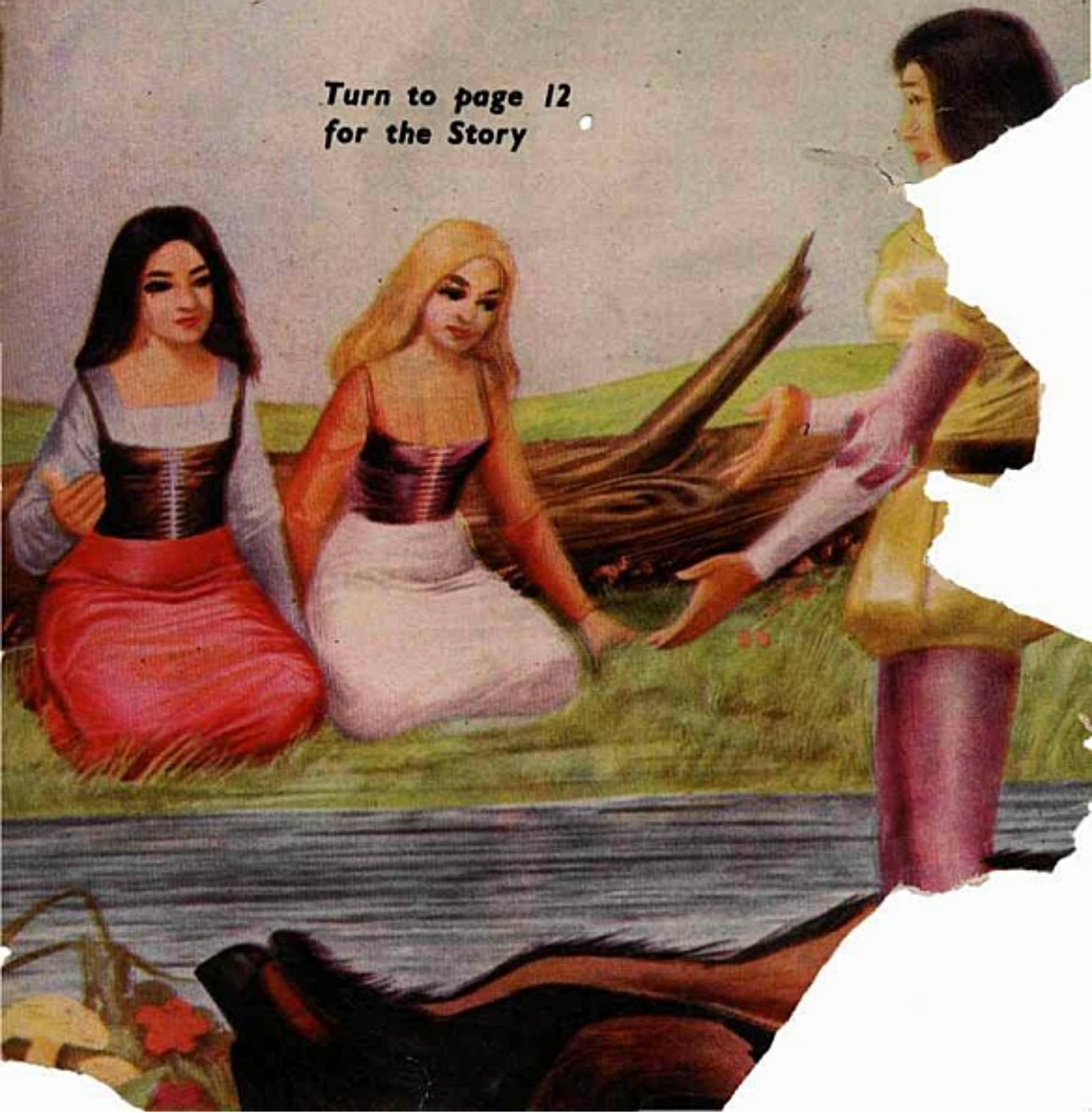


# CHANDAMAMA

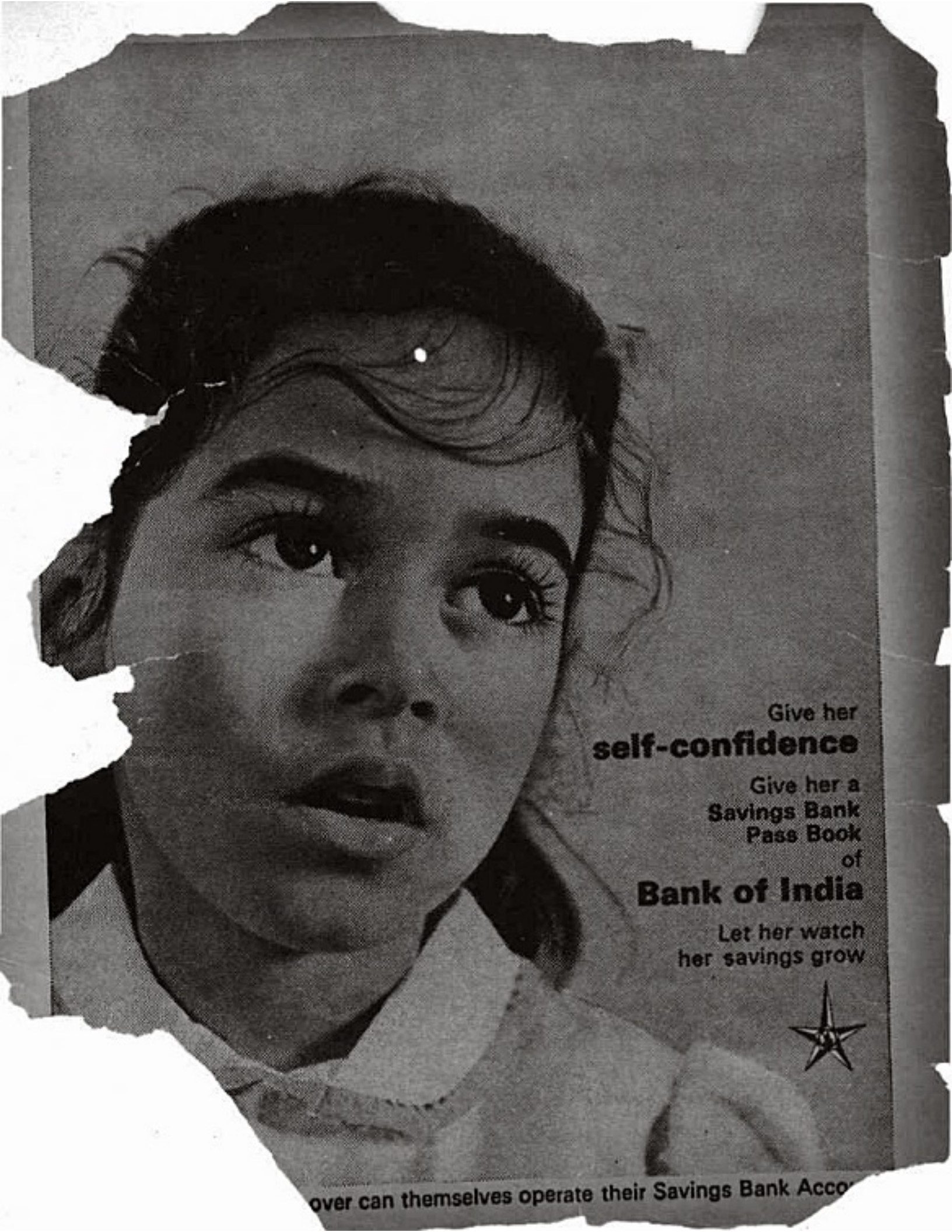
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ONE RUPEE.

Turn to page 12  
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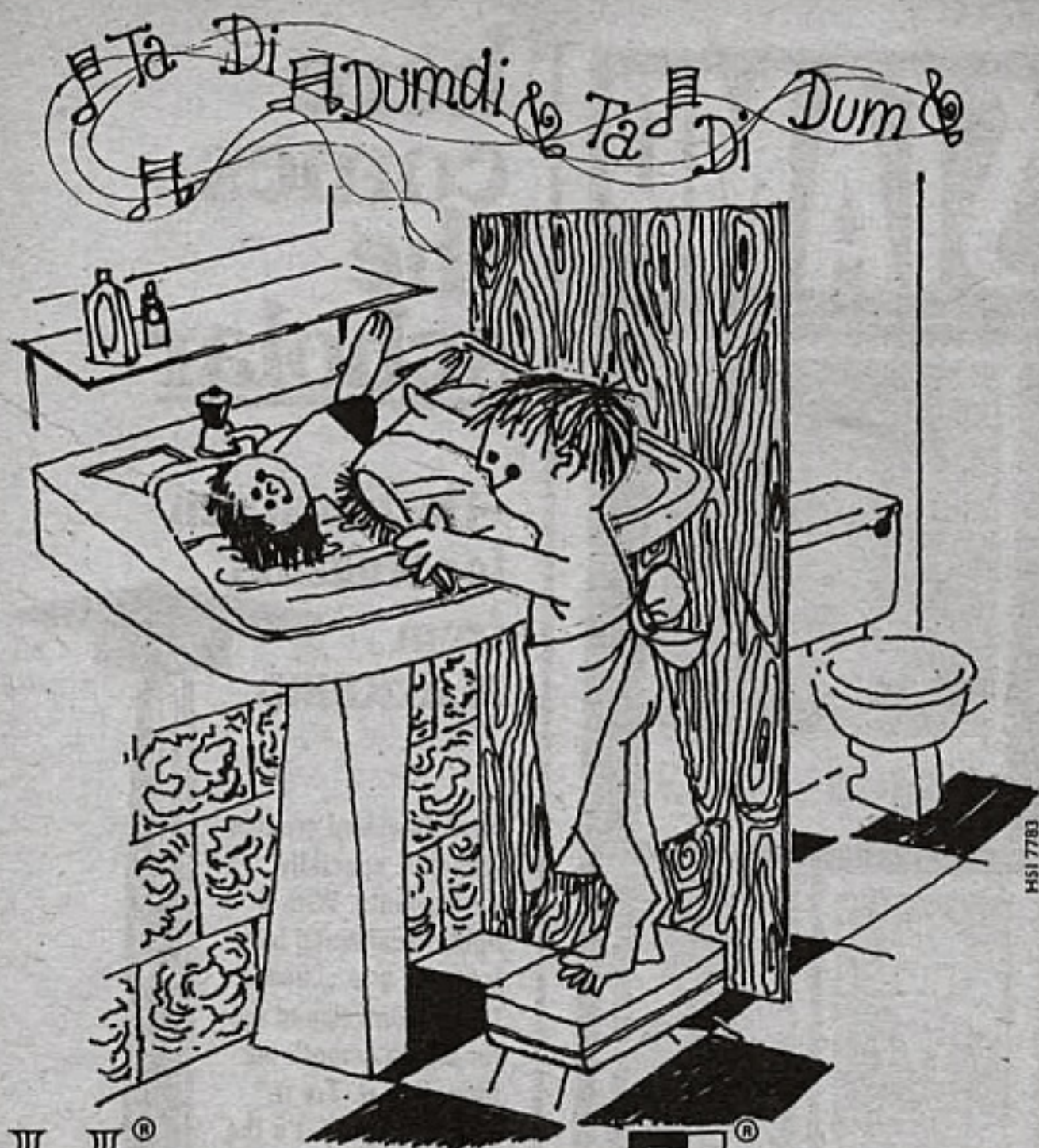
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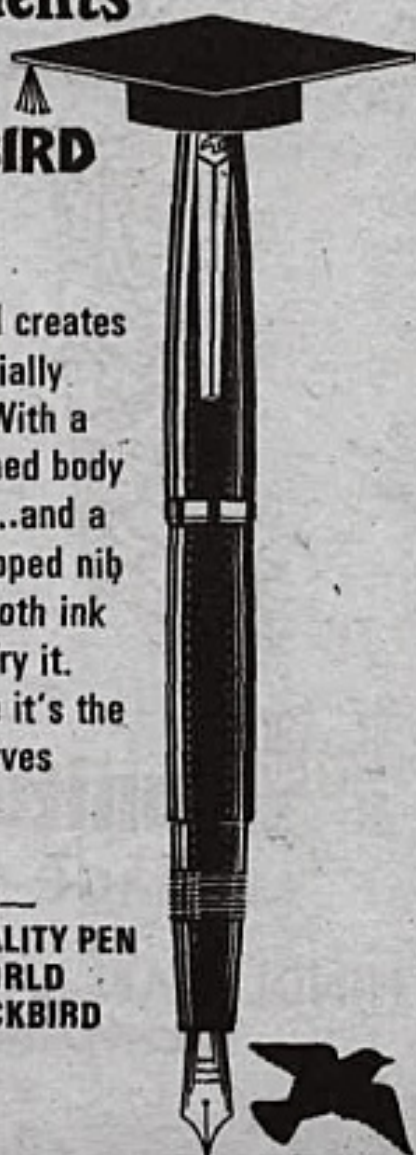
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# CHANDAMAMA

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## NOTHING REMAINED

High up in the Nilgiri hills there lived a certain farmer. He chose a piece of land and began to till it. His field bordered a dense jungle.

One day he decided to cut down one of the trees bordering his field. As his axe hit the bark of the tree, a voice like thunder roared out, "Who is cutting the tree?"

The farmer looked around but could see no one. Trembling, he replied, "I am clearing the space round my field, so that sunlight can fall on my field."

"Is that so?" said the voice, "Then we'll help."

In a trice, all the trees were felled by unseen hands.

Then the farmer raised both hands in gratitude and said, "Thank you my unseen friends, for your help."

Next morning the farmer went to the field and began to gather all the twigs. Then he heaped them up and lit a fire to them.

"Who burns the twigs?" roared a strange voice.

Again the farmer replied humbly, "It is I, the farmer who came yesterday. I am clearing my field of all the rubbish heaps."

"We'll help you," roared the voice. Then a strong wind arose and all the rubbish disappeared from the field.



In this manner the farmer received a lot of unexpected help. He was able to raise a lot of things on his field. He was particularly fond of maize and his stalks were ripe enough to be plucked.

Now, his wife had noticed that her husband always returned well before time. Knowing how arduous field work was, she could not believe that her husband with his little strength had raised such a handsome crop of maize. She decided to get to the bottom of the secret.

So, one day she said to her husband, "I need a lot of fire-

wood. Why don't you go and cut some firewood?"

The farmer said airily, "Do it yourself."

When the wife was gladly leaving the house the farmer instructed her, "Speak to no one nor reply to any."

The wife ran to the field and saw the tall stalks swaying in the breeze. She saw the ripe maize and touched one. At once a voice roared out, "Who touches the maize?"

Irritated by this query, the farmer's wife replied, "It's my field. I'll do what I please." She quite forgot the instruction of her husband.







Again she stretched out her hand to pluck a corn cob and a voice roared out, "Who plucks a corn cob?"

The woman replied sharply, "This is our field. I'll pluck what I please. Who are you to question me?"

At once several voices replied, "Then we'll do the same."

Then before the horrified eyes of the farmer's wife, the whole field was laid waste. Not a single stalk remained standing.

All the fine crops were destroyed.

The farmer's wife ran home without the firewood. The farmer asked what made her come home in such a hurry but she could only stare blankly. Guessing that something amiss had happened to his field, the farmer ran to his field and stared speechless at the desolation wrought by the unseen hands. Of his labours nothing remained.

## HOW DO WE GET CORK?

It comes from the bark of the cork tree, which grows mainly in the Mediterranean area. Portugal and Spain together produce about half of the world's annual supply. The bark is cut when the tree is 20 years old, but no more is taken for the next nine or ten years. The bark is boiled and scraped, and divided according to thickness and quality.





# WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

**Here are twenty-four questions to test your general knowledge. See how many you can answer correctly. Then turn to page 60 to check your results.**

1. Which was the sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians?
2. What is an isoferm and what does it indicate?
3. What approximately, is the Moon's average distance from the Earth?
4. How many visible colours are there in the spectrum?
5. At what temperature will sea water freeze?
6. In mathematics, what is the definition of the line called a diameter?
7. Which book did Charles Dickens leave unfinished?
8. Which substance, in overbrewed tea, is used for tanning hides?
9. Which is the Red Planet?
10. In which part of the body do we find the stirrup-bone?
11. Who was the last reigning Czar of Russia?
12. Which is the largest of the anthropoid apes?
13. Who composed *The Messiah*?
14. From which country did the U.S.A. purchase Alaska?
15. Which day is All Fools Day?
16. Which is the largest city in New Zealand?
17. What special name is given to animals which carry their young in pouches?
18. Which is the highest waterfall in the world?
19. If Everest is the highest mountain in the world, what is second?
20. Which Queen, when told that the people had no bread, said, 'Let them eat cake'?
21. Which is a continent, the Arctic or the Antarctic?
22. How many lines are there in a Sonnet?
23. Who had a servant called Man Friday?
24. From which part of the world does the Calypso music originate?





## HOW TO USE THE MOUTH?

Once upon a time there was a king who had a very faithful minister. The minister had three young sons. They looked equally bright and dutiful.

One day the king said to the minister, "When you retire, my wise minister, I think I should appoint your eldest son as the new minister. Do you approve of my proposal?"

"That depends, my lord, on what you expect of your minister. If you want a dare-devil for a minister, the eldest son, no doubt, should be the right person for the post. If you want a man of truth, you should

take in my second son. But if you prefer a clever man, then my youngest son should be the best choice," said the minister.

"You are so precise in describing the nature of your sons that you surprise me. Can you prove that what you thought of them was correct?" demanded the king.

"I believe, I can, my lord," replied the minister and after a short pause said, "I will give one general instruction to all the three boys. Let us see how each one of them takes it."

While the king watched from a hiding on the terrace, the



minister went down, had his three sons called to his presence and assuming a very grave look, told them, "At the middle of the royal garden yonder, there, is a very special rose plant. Now, each one of you should pluck a rose and bring it to me. This is very important. However, I should warn you of one thing. That is a favourite plant of the king and it is strictly forbidden to pluck flowers from it. But if you are caught, you should be able to escape any punishment since you are endowed with mouths!"

The sons bowed to their father and hurried into the garden. But no sooner had they plucked the roses than they were caught by a guard. The eldest son at once raised a sharp cry, bit the guard's hand and thus confusing him, made good his escape. The youngest son threw the rose he had plucked into his mouth and pretended innocence. The second son, however, remained calm and appearing before the king, said, "I know, my lord, that it was forbidden to pluck roses from this particular plant. But I had no doubt that when the king would know that it was his wise minister who had asked me to pluck

the flower, he would of course understand that there must be some very solid reason for it."

"See my lord," said the minister, "each one of them, when caught, has used his mouth, for I had instructed them to do so. But each one has done it in his own way, according to his nature."

The amazed king smiled and said, "You were very right, my dear minister. But each one of them seems indispensable to me. The eldest can be made an officer in my army, the second one should be appointed as my adviser, but it is your youngest son, the clever one, who is fit to be my minister."

*Prop. Manoj Das*





# SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

In a little cottage, on the edge of a big forest, there once lived a woodcutter and his wife. They were very happy, although they were poor.

Each day the woodcutter would go off to his work, while his wife spent all her spare time in the garden, lovingly tending the beautiful flowers which grew there.

Loveliest of all were the two rose trees which grew in front of the cottage. One bore roses of the purest white and the other bore roses of the deepest red. All Summer, their beautiful scent filled the air.

When twin daughters were born to the woodcutter's wife, she decided to call them Snow White and Rose Red, after her two lovely rose trees, for one child was very fair and the other was very dark.

Before the children were very old, their father died and they were left all alone with their mother in the little cottage on the edge of the forest.

Their mother had to work hard all day, just so that they

could have enough food to eat and enough clothes to wear, so the two little girls were left to amuse themselves. Sometimes they helped their mother, by gathering wood from the forest, for the fire, or looking for mushrooms, blackberries, or fruit, to eat.

They spent much of their time in the forest and all the birds and animals came to know them and love them, for they were kind and good, as well as being beautiful.

As the two girls walked through the forest, the birds would sing sweet songs to them. The deer and the rabbits knew them and came running to eat from their hands and the squirrels frisked around them merrily. All the creatures of the forest loved Snow White and Rose Red and not one would have hurt them.

One year, the Winter came early to the forest. The snow fell thickly on the ground and icicles hung from the roof of the little cottage. Snow White and Rose Red remembered to





put fresh water and bread-crumbs out for their little friends the birds, who were having a hard time finding food in the bare forest.

Each day, there would be a grateful twittering outside the window, as the birds came to eat and drink.

One cold night, Snow White and Rose Red were sitting with their mother, in front of a warm log fire, listening to the wind howling around the cottage, when they heard a knock at the door. When they opened it, they saw a big brown bear standing there.

His woolly coat was covered with snow and he was shivering

with cold. Not at all afraid, the two girls took pity on the poor bear and let him into the cottage. They sat him by the warm fire and brushed the snow off his thick coat. They gave him some warm food and made a bed of straw, so that he could sleep in front of the fire all night.

Each night, after that, the big, brown bear came back to the cottage. He stayed there, warm and cosy on his straw bed in front of the fire, until morning came.

At last Winter ended. The leaves began to open on the trees, the warm sun began to shine again and the snow and



ice melted away. One day, the bear left the cottage and did not return. The girls were sad to see him go, for through the Winter they had grown fond of the big, shaggy bear and it seemed strange that he was no longer in his corner by the fire. However, they knew that now the fine weather had come he would be able to look after himself once more and had no need of food and shelter.

When Snow White and Rose Red went out into the forest once more, to collect wood for their mother, the animals were pleased to see them again. The birds sang to them and the squirrels frisked merrily around, almost falling over their bushy tails in delight at seeing their friends once more.

Then, from a nearby clearing, they heard cries for help. There, his beard firmly caught in the cleft of an old tree trunk, was a little dwarf.

"Help me, can't you?" he called out as he saw the two girls. "Can't you see that my beautiful beard is caught up in this horried tree trunk? Do something, you silly girls."

Snow White and Rose Red rushed over to the dwarf and Snow White tugged at his beard,

while Rose Red did her best to open the crack in the tree trunk, but it was no good. All that happened was that the dwarf grumbled more and more loudly and yelled that they would pull his beard out by the roots.

At last, not knowing what else to do, Snow White rushed home and found their mother's scissors. Then she went back to where the dwarf was trapped and cut his beard free from the tree trunk with the scissors.

Instead of being pleased, the little dwarf was even more angry, when he saw the end of his beard still caught fast in the tree trunk.

"You have spoilt the shape of my beautiful beard," he cried, dancing up and down with rage. "It will never be the same again. How could you be so stupid?" Then he went off into the forest without a word of thanks, muttering to himself as he went, "Stupid girls, silly girls. They have spoilt my beautiful beard."

Snow White and Rose Red played in the forest and collected wood for their mother, but they saw no more of the bad-tempered little dwarf and they had almost forgotten him when, one day, as they ran



hand-in-hand through the forest, they heard someone calling for help.

They stopped and looked round. The cries seemed to come from behind some bushes and they rushed over to them. There, behind the bushes, they found the dwarf once more.

He was fishing in a large pond and as he fished, his long white beard had become tangled up with his fishing line. Before he could unite his beard, he had hooked a big fish on the

end of the line. The fish liked being caught by a fishing line even less than the dwarf liked having his beard tied up in a fishing line and it was struggling hard to get away.

Every time the fish darted away, trying to escape, it gave a tug on the fishing line. The fishing line, in turn, gave a tug on the dwarf's beard and the dwarf yelled loudly.

When he saw the two girls, he called out, "Don't just stand there looking at me, you silly





girls. Can't you see I'm caught in this fishing line? Get me free at once."

Without waiting another minute, Snow White and Rose Red set to work to untie the little man's beard, but with the fish darting here and there and the dwarf dancing with rage, so that the fishing line jumped up and down, the beard only became more and more tightly tied.

The little dwarf's cries of pain and rage grew louder and louder, until finally Snow White said to Rose Red, "It's no use. We shall never be able to untie his beard. You had better run home and fetch the scissors."

Rose Red ran all the way to the cottage and all the way back again with the scissors. Then, quite out-of-breath, she cut the dwarf free once more. The fish, delighted to be free, too,

swam away taking the fishing line with him.

The dwarf looked at his reflection in the pond. "Silly girls," he cried ungratefully. "Look what you have done to my beautiful beard. What clumsy things you are to be sure. I shall soon have no beard left at all."

Then, without a word of thanks, off he ran into the forest, muttering to himself as he went, "Silly girls, clumsy girls, what silly creatures girls are, to be sure."

Snow White and Rose Red did not really mind, because they were so good and kind-hearted that they were ready to forgive anyone for bad manners and they were only pleased they had been able to help the little dwarf.

Some time afterwards, Snow White and Rose Red were in a part of the forest they had never been in before, when they heard the sound of muttering coming from nearby. When they went to look, they saw the dwarf, but this time he was not in trouble. He was kneeling on the ground, counting a large pile of jewels and chuckling gleefully to himself.

When he saw the two girls,





he let out a roar of rage, but it was nothing to the roar which came from behind him. The dwarf turned round and he went quite white, for there behind him stood the big brown bear the sisters had sheltered through the Winter. He looked just as fierce as he sounded.

"Please don't eat me, brown bear," cried the dwarf. "You can have these two girls and you can have all these jewels, but please don't eat me."

The bear rushed towards him and dealt him such a blow on the ear that he turned a somersault. Then he picked himself up and rushed away into the forest, his teeth chattering with fright.

Most surprising of all, however, was the brown bear. As Snow White and Rose Red looked at him, his brown, furry skin split down the middle and out stepped a handsome prince.

"Don't be frightened," said the prince. "The brown bear has gone for good."

Then he explained to the sisters how, when he was on a hunting trip in the far-away country which was his own, the wicked dwarf had stolen his treasure. Surprised by the prince's sudden return, the

dwarf had placed a spell on him which turned him into a brown bear.

The people of the kingdom, not knowing what had happened, mourned their prince as dead, but the prince knew that if he could find the dwarf and give him his just reward and recover his treasure again, the spell would be broken.

Still in the shape of a brown bear, the prince had wandered everywhere, searching for the dwarf, until he came to the forest where Snow White and Rose Red lived.

"I have always wanted to thank you for your kindness to me, during the cold Winter, when you knew me only as a poor bear," said the prince. "Without your help, I might have died of cold and never become a prince again. Now, I have broken the spell of the evil little dwarf and he will never dare to return and bother anyone again."

With this, the prince picked up the jewels which the dwarf had left behind him and made his way, together with Snow White and Rose Red, back to the little cottage on the edge of the woods.

There he stayed until he was



able to get a horse which would take him back to his own kingdom.

However, he had already fallen in love with the beautiful Snow White, so it was not long before Snow White and Rose Red and their mother left the little cottage too, and journeyed to the prince's great castle.

There, the prince and Snow White were married in great splendour and there was much cheering and rejoicing among the prince's subjects, for they were pleased to have their beloved prince back once more and they were delighted with his beautiful bride.

It was not long before one of the greatest nobles of the land

asked for the hand of Rose Red, for he had fallen in love with her as soon as he set eyes on her and the prince was delighted to give his consent to the marriage.

The mother of the two girls was as happy as she could be, too. She had a beautiful garden of her very own, where she spent many happy hours, planting, weeding and looking after the lovely flowers.

In the centre of the garden and most cherished of all, were two lovely rose bushes. One bore roses of the purest white and the other bore roses of the deepest red. They were the mother's favourite flowers and in Summer, they filled the garden of the castle with scent.







## RAM'S JUDGEMENT

Dharm was a rich landlord in a certain village. When he celebrated the wedding of his son Jit, he borrowed an elephant from his friend Madho.

After the wedding was over, Dharm instructed his men to lead the elephant back to its owner's stables. But unfortunately the elephant died on the way.

So Dharm hastened to Madho's house and said, "Friend, I am sorry that the elephant has died. I shall either give you a new one or pay the value of the dead animal."

Madho exclaimed, "No, I don't want the very elephant. I won't do." Dharm pleaded inability to bring the elephant back to life and offered to buy another but,

Madho remained adamant in his demand.

At last Madho went to Ram the Magistrate and complained against Dharm. When the latter was summoned to the court, he gave an account of what had happened.

Ram thought that Dharm was in the right. After all, the elephant was old and had probably died of old age. He told the plaintiff that he would deliver judgement on the morrow.

Then he went for Dharm and whispered some secret instruction in his ear.

Next day Madho came to the court on time but of Dharm there was no sign.

Ram turned to Madho and said, "Dharm has not come. So go and fetch him."





Madho went to Dharm's house and called out to him but he got no reply. Noticing that the door was closed Madho went up and pushed at it. At once there arose a noise of many pots falling to the ground. Dharm opened the door and exclaimed in great annoyance. "Madho, look what you have done. You have broken pots which have been in my family for decades. Now what am I going to do?"

Madho offered to pay for the

broken pots but Dharm would have none of it. He wanted his old pots back. So back the two men went to Justice Ram who laughed when told of the new incident.

"Madho, Give back Dharm the same pots you broke and I'll make him return the same elephant to you."

Madho realised that he was being paid back in his own coin, and without a word left the court with the expression of a kicked dog.



## WHAT FLAG IS THIS?

It is the national flag of Canada, bears a maple leaf, emblem of the great British Dominion. Until 1965 Canada flew the Blue Ensign on which was a shield bearing the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland and the fleur-de-lis, to show the long links with France. Before the new arms was an emblem of the British Empire. The new flag of Canada was first flown for the first time on 15th Feb.



# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Dilip Banerje



Mr. Samchu Mukherjee

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st October.
- Winning captions will be announced in DECEMBER issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE

MADRAS-600 026

## Result of Photo Caption Contest held in August Issue

The prize is awarded to

Miss Shally Raphael

Arrakal House

Aranattukara

TRICHUR, Kerala.

Winning Entry — 'Heavenly Pegasus' — 'Earthly Colossus'



## LOOKING AT FRUITS

The first in a new series  
about the history of fruits



# The Apple

The mystical land to which King Arthur was taken to heal his wounds was the Vale of Avalon, the apple valley, thought to have been Glastonbury, in Somerset.

There had been orchards in this area since the first century AD when the Romans brought

a sweet variety of apple to this country and began their cultivation by grafting them on to the seedling roots of wild crab-apple trees.

Apples have always been highly prized in Britain. The ancient Druids honoured the tree because it was a host to



their sacred mistletoe, and a Saxon coronation benediction included the petition, "May this land be filled with apples."

In medieval times all the monasteries in Devon, Somerset, Gloucestershire and Hereford possessed apple orchards as the monks depended on them for fruit and cider. At this time, only the monks and a few wealthy landowners cultivated the fruit. Two of the oldest named varieties were the Pearmain and the Costard which were mentioned in deeds of property of the early 13th century.

The ordinary country-folk had only crab-apples but they made good use of them. Their acid juice was added to milk to make it curdle, and cuts and bruises were treated with a dressing of the crushed fruit. Roasted crab-apples were the basis of the ale they drank and they were also put into the wassail bowl, drunk on All Hallows' E'en. Shakespeare refers to this in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" when Puck, telling of his pranks, says:

"Sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl.

In very likeness of a roasted crab."

Sweet apples became more popular after Henry VIII had sent his chief fruiterer to France to obtain more cuttings. Cuttings were necessary because few cultivated apples grow from pips. If these are planted they usually revert to crab-apples.

But there have been some notable exceptions like the Granny Smith and the Cox's Orange Pippin varieties. Another was the Bramley cooking apple. In 1805, a little girl planted a pip in the garden of her cottage home in Nottinghamshire. The tree that grew from it bore juicy fruit and the girl, by then a married woman named Mrs Bramley, gave away many cuttings from it to her neighbours who called the fruit after her.

Today, there are well over three million Bramley Seedling trees in Britain, including the original, which still stands in the cottage garden.

*Make sure of your copy of Chandamamz by placing a regular order with your Newsagent*





# THE BLINDMAN'S MONEY

Long ago there lived a weaver in a village. He wove beautiful cloth and sold them for profit. One day he wove a pretty bed-spread and went out to sell it.

His way lay by a swiftly flowing river. As he was walking along the bank, he heard a shrill cry. "Help! The blind man's money is being carried away by the flood."

The weaver looked about but could find nobody. Then he noticed a jar bobbing up and down in the waters. He jumped into the river and brought the jar ashore. On opening it he found it full of gold and silver coins. Quickly he sealed it again and carrying

it, went his way. Soon it was night, and the weaver stopped before a lonely cottage. He knocked on the door. An old woman opened the door and enquired what he wanted.

The weaver said, "Mother, let me stay for the night. If you have food, give me some. I'll pay you well."

The old woman consented and the weaver rested there. Then showing the jar he said, "Mother, keep this for me. It is full of castor oil. I'll take it, when I leave in the morning." Then he went to sleep in the portico of the house.

Now this old woman had a daughter, who had come home for the delivery of her first



child. That night she began tossing about in pain, so the old woman looked around for some castor oil. She thought of the guest's jar, and quickly opened it. But when she found it full of coins, she took them all out. Then she went to her neighbour's house and borrowing some castor oil filled up the jar.

In the morning the weaver continued his journey. But instead of trying to sell his cloth, he ran home with the jar. Then securely locking all the doors, he and his wife opened the jar only to find it full of castor oil. The weaver shrieked in alarm and ran to the old

woman's house and accused her of the theft. But she blandly replied that she knew nothing of it. "How could there be coins if there was castor oil in the jar?" she argued.

The weaver complained to the magistrate who asked shrewdly, "Oh! Weaver, you say, the jar was full of gold coins. Now where did you get these gold coins?"

The weaver could not answer this question, as the money never belonged to him.

Noticing his hesitation, the magistrate said, "Look here man. It is clear that you are a liar. This poor woman is half crazy with grief, because her new







born grandson is blind. Now go away before we clap you in jail."

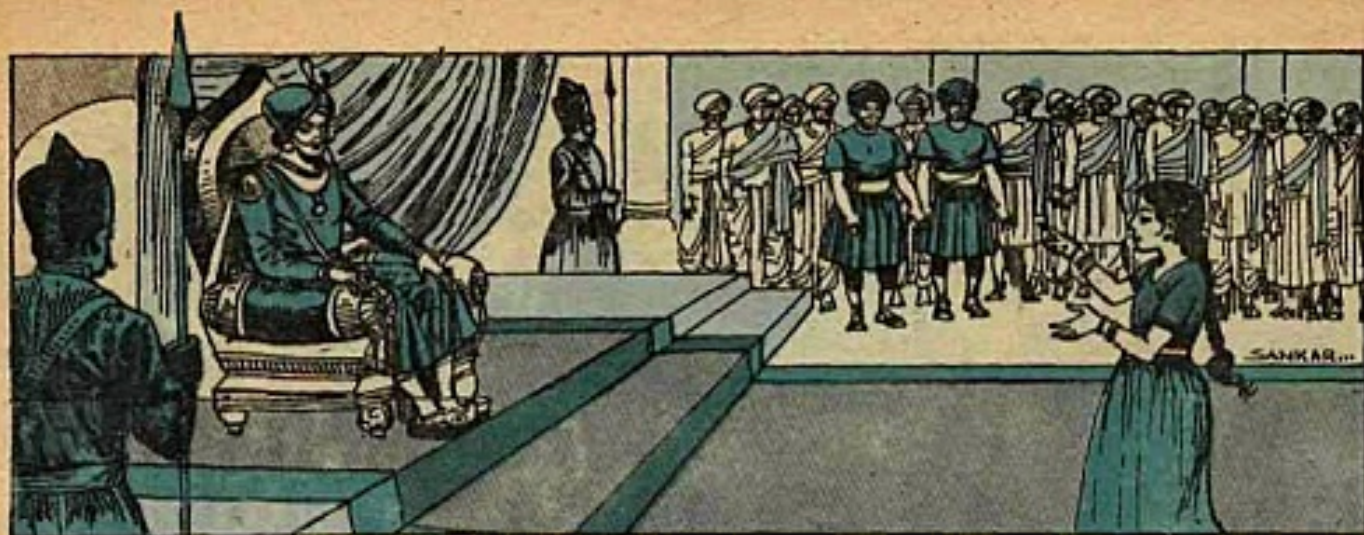
Hearing these words, the weaver went home sorrowfully thinking that a blind man had

drowned in the river leaving his money on the bank. But obviously he had been born again in the old woman's household to get hold of his lost wealth.

The heads of these three birds are all jumbled up. In the small squares, put the alphabet letter of the head that really belongs to the bird. Then fill in their three names.

<p>A</p>	<p>B</p>	<p>C</p>
<p>H</p>	<p>F</p>	<p>S</p>





## Beginner's Chess

A certain king was very fond of chess. In his court he conducted many competitions and gave away good prizes to the winners.

One day two chess players visited the court of the king. They boasted of their skill in the game and declared they could defeat anyone that challenged them.

True to their words they defeated all those who played against them.

Elated with victory the two players looked around at the humbled court and asked scornfully, "Well, is there anyone else who would like to try?"

At once a nine-year old girl rose up and said "I'll play with

you." The king was crestfallen to see a slip of a girl accepting the challenge thrown by the champions. But something in the mien of the girl impressed him and he consented to hold the match.

The lass asked the players to sit in two different rooms. Then she offered to play against them simultaneously.

Soon she was moving the pieces expertly and the whole court watched in breathless amazement the brilliant performance put up by the girl.

At last the two champions conceded a draw each, as neither could defeat the girl.

The king applauded the girl for her display of skill and asked





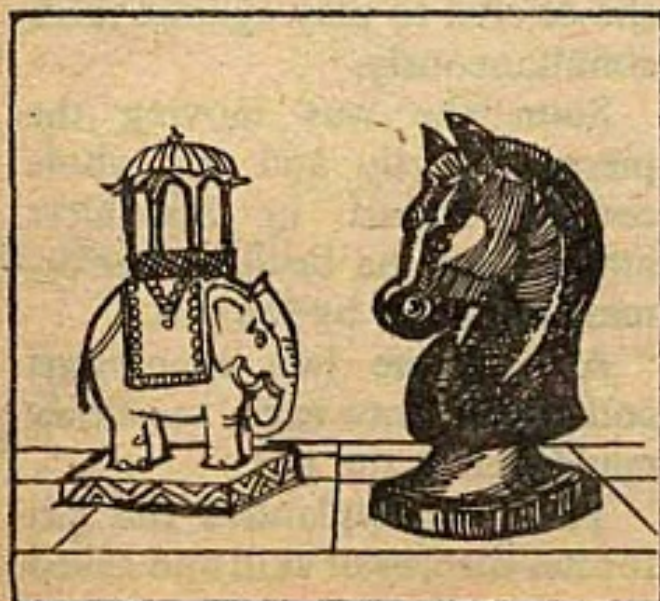
her, "Tell me, Little one, how did you manage to beat them? Where did you learn to play like this?"

The girl laughed and said, "Sire, I knew nothing. I made them sit in two different rooms so that one could not see the other's game. First I watched number one player move his piece and I went to the other room and moved my own piece in the same manner. Then I watched number two player

move his piece and came back to the first room and did the same. In effect, the two players were playing against themselves. I did nothing at all."

The whole court was astounded to hear this and realized that the clever girl had really outwitted the champion Chess players.

A grateful king showered presents on the resourceful girl and sent her home.



## WHO INVENTED THE GAME OF CHESS?

This game has been known for thousands of years; the Greeks were known to have played something like it and in Egypt were found a board and men which had been used at least 6,000 years ago; but a form of chess India may be older still. In this game, called chaturanga, chariots, elephants, horsemen and footmen were arranged to defend their king. Travellers took this game to other countries; in time it became the chess that we know today.



# A DEBT IS SETTLED

Once upon a time there lived a rich man. He was a money-lender who earned a lot of interest.

Once a certain man borrowed fifty rupees from him.

The debtor said he would sell his horse and parrot and pay back the money in two months time. The rich man agreed.

Two months passed but the debtor did not pay up. So the rich man asked him to give his horse in exchange for the money. But the debtor argued that he would pay back after he had sold both the horse and the parrot together.

Then the creditor said, "What price will your parrot fetch?

Nothing much, I'm afraid. You may sell both together, but give me only the price of the horse."

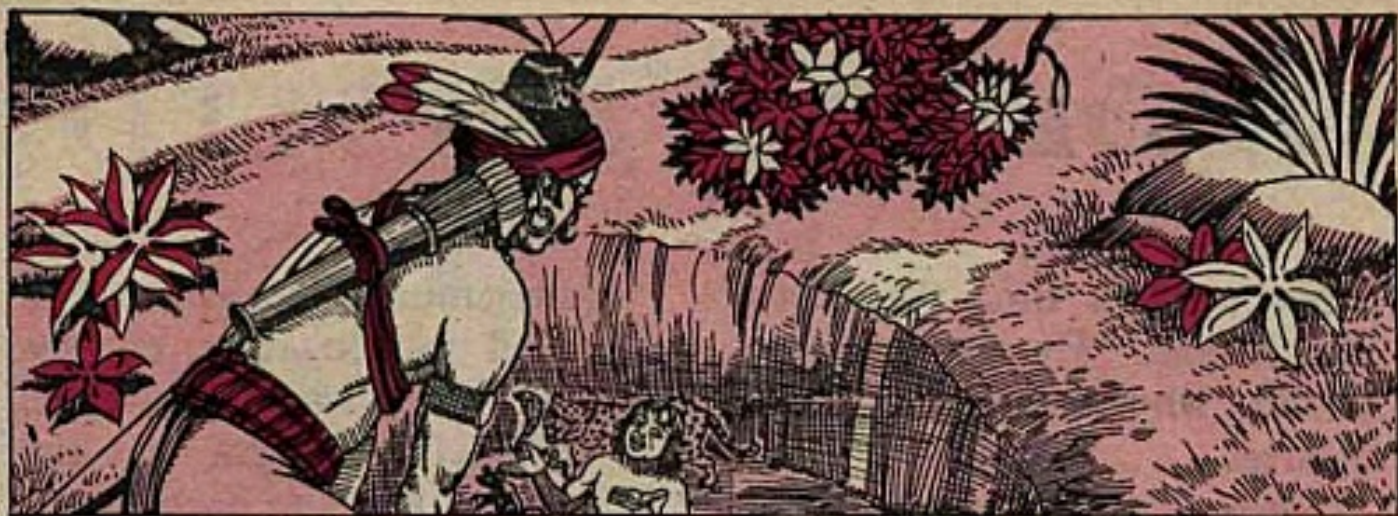
The debtor began hawking the parrot and the horse in the local fair. A man came up to him and said "I'll give you four hundred rupees for the parrot. It is a lovely bird. I'll give you four rupees for the horse."

Immediately the bird and the animal were sold. The debtor counted out four rupees to the creditor and said, "You wanted only the price of the horse, well, here you are."

The rich man felt he had been cheated; but a bargain was a bargain. Little did he know that the buyer was the debtor's friend who had duped him.







## THE INGRATE

A certain hunter, while he was hunting in a forest heard shrill cries for help coming from a deep pit. He looked in and saw a man, a leopard, a snake and a rat.

The hunter said, "Rats eat up our food, snakes kill men and the leopards and tigers slaughter our cattle and livestock. So I'll rescue the man alone of the lot."

When they heard this the other creatures implored him in a piteous manner to save them and promised to come to his aid in times of need. Kind hearted that he was, the hunter relented and at last brought all the creatures up safely.

The man, when he came out, said, "Sir, let me show my

gratitude for this kind deed by serving you as your servant."

So the hunter appointed him in his service.

Next day the tiger and the leopard came to him and said, "Friend, from now on we'll hunt your food for you."

Then the snake slithered up to him and said, "Friend, I give you this powder. If you mix this with the blood of an ingrate, and smear it on the bite of a snake, the victim will survive."

Then the rat dragging a sack came to him and said, "Friend, in this sack there is a lot of money. Be happy with it."

So, in course of time, the hunter prospered and became a wealthy man. But all this



roused the jealousy of his servant whose evil mind sought ways and means for bringing about his master's downfall.

At about this time a certain landlord's house was burgled. As the thief had made off with a lot of loot, a handsome reward was announced for the capture of the culprit. The hunter's servant went to the landlord and informed him that his master had stolen all the money and jewels. Naturally the hunter was arrested and brought before the landlord.

When the hunter protested his innocence, the landlord said, "You are the most natural suspect. In a short time you have become a rich man. How did you acquire all this wealth?"

The hunter related the incidents leading to the change in his fortunes but the landlord refused to believe him and said,

"You lie. You are the thief. I shall punish you severely."

Just then a guard rushed up and stammered out the news that the landlord's daughter had been bitten by a snake. While the landlord was wringing his hands in anguish, the hunter said, "Sir, I can cure your daughter."

The landlord asked eagerly, "How?"

"Permit me to mix this powder with the blood of my ungrateful servant and apply it to the wound on your daughter's leg. She'll be cured."

The landlord agreed. So it was done. The poison was brought out and the girl lived. Then the landlord realised that the hunter had indeed spoken the truth.

So the ungrateful servant was punished with a long term in the prison, and the hunter was suitably rewarded.





A TALE of TRUE ADVENTURE . . .

# The COURAGE of LAURA SECORD

The Americans were invading Canada! Eight million Americans were confronting less than half a million British and French Canadians—and there were less than 5,000 regular troops in all British North America.

In that summer of 1812, things looked black for Canada, but what happened over the next two years was to be the making of the country.

No one was more determined to fight for their country than James and Laura Secord.

Laura's parents, whose name was Ingersoll, were among the thousands of Americans who had remained loyal to Britain during the American War of Independence. Persecuted for their loyalty to the Crown, they headed north from Massachusetts after the war ended in 1783, with their eight-year-old daughter, to settle in British territory.

Britain had gained Canada from the French 20 years before. The thousands of English-speaking men and women who settled in Canada at this time were known as the United Empire Loyalists.

The Ingersolls settled in what is now the province of Ontario, and Laura later married James





Secord. They lived at Queenston, on the Niagara river.

At this time, the Americans still distrusted the British, who by now were locked in a life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. Disputes over shipping and trade, and over the British impressment of American sailors poisoned relations between the two countries.

But the real cause of the War of 1812 was that the Americans were casting greedy eyes on Canada.

Fortunately, many Americans had no desire to fight, and their troops were badly led. But families like the Secords near the border were filled with dismay that the hated American

troops were threatening to invade their new homeland.

A battle was fought near the Secord home. General Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of all Canada, was killed in it, but he had inspired his troops and their Indian allies to defeat the larger American army, which retreated across the border.

While Canada rejoiced, Laura Secord was nursing her husband, who had been desperately wounded in the battle. All through the winter she devotedly nursed him, but by the summer he still could not walk.

Then the Americans returned.

This time, they overran Queenston, and Laura found herself behind the enemy lines.





The Canadians had been forced to leave her and her husband behind, as James was too weak to move. Their house was taken over by the Americans, whom Laura was compelled to feed.

Then, one day in June, 1813, she heard two officers discussing a surprise attack that was to be made the following day on the Canadians, who were encamped about 20 miles away. Pretending not to listen, she finished serving the two Americans breakfast, then raced upstairs to her husband and told him what she had heard.

James was in despair.

"Even if I was fit," he lamented, "I'd never get by the Yankee pickets."

"I could, though," said Laura eagerly. James was worried. But he reluctantly agreed that perhaps she could.

There were Americans everywhere. Laura got into the clothes she wore to tend the small farm, and went out to milk their cow. And somehow, that morning, things seemed to go wrong. The cow kicked the pail over and moved away—which made the Americans laugh. Then the same thing happened again—and again.

At first, the soldiers were amused, but then they decided Laura must be a bit simple, and turned away.

Finally, the cow bolted to the edge of the forest. Laura followed—her pinching the poor cow had had the desired result! Now was her chance. She plunged straight into the forest, leaving the cow to wander home.

It was a terrifying journey. She had to contend with swamps, swollen creeks, poisonous snakes and fallen trees—to say nothing of the fear of running into American soldiers at any moment. Exhausted, bleeding and hungry, she kept going in what she hoped was the right direction.

Suddenly, terrifying war-whoops rent the air and she was surrounded by 20 howling Indians in full war-paint. It was a terrible moment. She had heard that the Indians in the area were on the British side, but how could she be sure? And even if they were friendly, supposing they would not believe her story?

With hundreds of lives depending on her, she breathed a silent prayer and spoke to the chief.

"I am Canadian," she said.





"I have news for the British commander, of an American attack tomorrow. Take me to him." Then she collapsed, fainting.

The Indians, who were scouts of the British, carried Laura straight to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, at Beaver Dams, and she gave him her news. He thanked her and gave orders that every care should be taken of her. The next day, Fitzgibbon and his force of regulars, Canadians and Indians, were ready for the larger American force, and defeated them soundly. Fitzgibbon persuaded the American commander, who feared that his surviving troops might be massacred by the Indians, to surrender to him.

Laura soon recovered from her ordeal and was reunited with her husband. The war dragged on, with the Niagara area the scene of more bitter fighting. In the end, neither side won decisively in the field, but Canada was the real victor. Her stubborn bravery for over two years against huge odds, had forged a nation.

Laura Secord lived on until 1868, a national heroine. When the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, visited Canada in 1860, he met Laura and gave her a handsome present. All Canada rejoiced at the honour done to the brave patriot, who was the most famous living woman to bear the proud title, United Empire Loyalist.



## A CLEVER PLAN

Once the king of Rockfort invaded the territories of his neighbour. At the same time, the king of Redfort took this opportunity and invaded Rockfort.

Rockfort was without any soldiers as all of them had marched off with the king. Only a few old retainers remained. Some of them were veterans of several wars. One of them, an old warrior named Virmalla drew up a plan to defend the fort.

According to this the streets of Rockfort were well decorated. A few old warriors in all their finery were stationed at the gates of the fort.

When the king of Redfort rode up to the gates of Rockfort. Virmalla bowed before him and said, "Go in Your Majesty. The fort is yours."

The suspicious King halted his troops and pondered over the words of Virmalla. Then a crafty smile dawned on his face. He wagged his finger in Virmalla's face and said, "Ah, you think I don't see through your game. You want us all to ride into the fort where you'll trap us. Nothing doing. We are not entering the fort."

Saying this he wheeled about with his troops and galloped home without invading Rockfort.







## The Pickle Thief

Long ago there lived in a hamlet, a scholar named Misra. He taught the village children the three R's, and out of gratitude the folks gave him all kinds of small gifts. But he remained desperately poor, and was finding it hard to feed his numerous children.

The village clerk was a man named Appa. He was a wealthy man but a miser at that. Though he gave no charity, towards Misra he was affable, and from time to time gave him a few things.

One day Appa's old mother brought two jars full of tasty mango pickles. When Misra came to teach the children of Appa, his nostrils were assailed

by the smell of the pickles. Greed getting the better of him, he forgot his good manners, and quietly took away a jar of pickles.

A little later Appa came home and discovered the loss. At once he concluded that it must have been the teacher who had stolen the jar. But he did not want to accuse Misra of theft.

But Appa's mother, who was a shrewd woman flew into a rage and wanted to insult the scholar. But Appa would have none of it.

The old woman shouted wildly and said, "Appa, you are too soft. If you don't take action, then he'll steal something more. He'll make others





believe that you gave him the jar willingly. So let's go and search his house and recover our pickles."

But Appa was unwilling and said 'No' to his mother. Then the old lady said, "All right, put me in a box and deposit it in Misra's house. I'll steal the jar back and you can bring back the box. We can do this in the utmost secrecy."

This sounded feasible to Appa and so he put his mother in a box, and carried it to Misra's house. He told the teacher, "Sir, I am going to Benaras this evening. I wish to leave this box in your custody. It

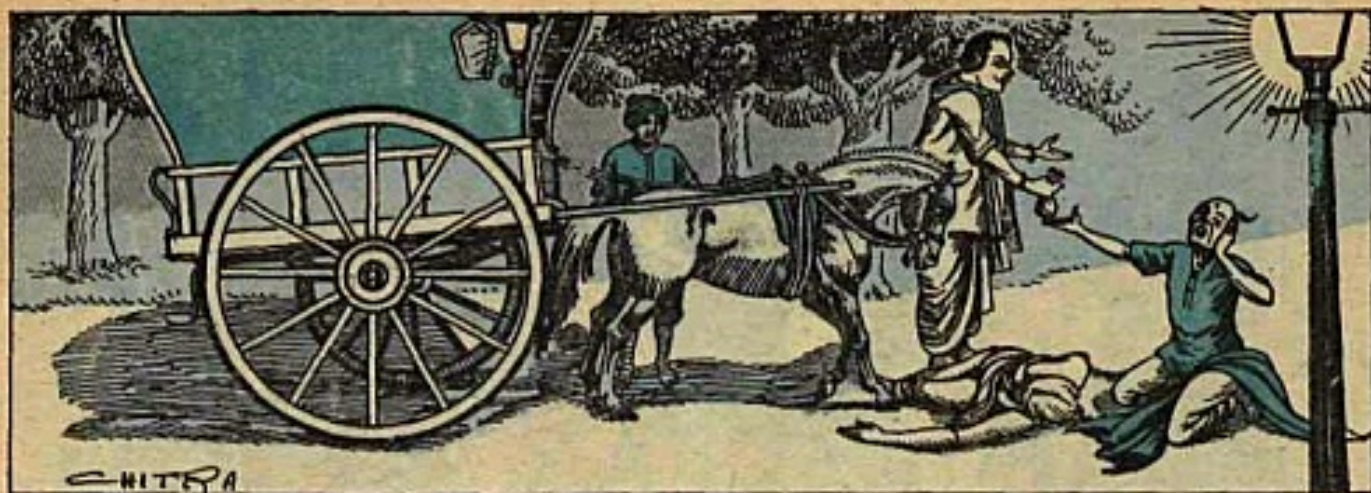
contains all my valuables. Do look after it for me."

Misra agreed and Appa left. At night the teacher's children sat down to eat. One of them wanted pickles and Misra's wife brought out the stolen jar and served from it. The old mother of Appa watched through a hole in the box and at once felt hungry. Of course, thoughtfully, Appa had provided a bundle of food in the box. But in her haste to eat, the old woman swallowed a bone too quickly. It got stuck in her throat and she was suffocated to death.

Next morning Appa came back saying that he had missed the train and took the box back home. What was his dismay to find that his mother was dead and cold!

So he ran to Misra and related everything. The teacher agreed to help him dispose off the body if he was paid a hundred rupees. Appa, miser though he was, he had no other way but to part with the amount. Thereupon Misra took the corpse of the old woman and went to the highway. There he saw the local landlord driving along in his phaeton. When the phaeton came abreast of





him, Misra threw the corpse of the old woman across the road. The phaeton stopped and the landlord thought that he had accidentally run over the old woman. So he gave a hundred rupees to Misra as

compensation and admonished him to be careful in walking on the road.

Richer by two hundred rupees, Misra went home congratulating himself on his good fortune.



### WHO INVENTED STILTS?

It is impossible to point to, or name, one person as the inventor of stilts. What we do know is that the people of Landes, in Southern France, have been using stilts, for walking over their marshy ground, for very many years. Hop pickers in the Kent fields use stilts up to 15 feet, and the Guinness Book of Records says that the highest stilts ever successfully mastered were 22 feet from the ankle to the ground. The stilt walker was an Englishman, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. They have races on stilts in Landes, France.





## GREED

Hasan was a courtier in the service of the great Caliph of Baghdad, Haroun Al Raschid. His wife was named Fatima. Husband and wife formed a greedy team and many were the tricks they employed to make money.

One day when Hasan was away at the court, Fatima went to all the merchants of the city and lamented that the Caliph had sent her husband to the dungeon leaving her well nigh a destitute. Naturally the merchants gave her a lot of money to tide over her difficulties. In this manner some days passed.

At last the merchants told Fatima, "Look here. We can't give you credit indefinitely. Plead with the Caliph for the release of your husband."

Fatima realised that the shopkeepers would no longer help her. So she went to her relatives and sobbed out her misfortune. They too helped for a time, but at last urged her to secure the release of Hasan.

Hasan who was in this plot would go to the palace of the Caliph early in the morning and return home only when it was well past midnight.

When this source of income completely dried up, husband and wife put their heads together to think of some fresh tricks.

At last Hasan stole a diamond from the palace and gave it to Fatima to sell. She took it to the market and sold it to a goldsmith.

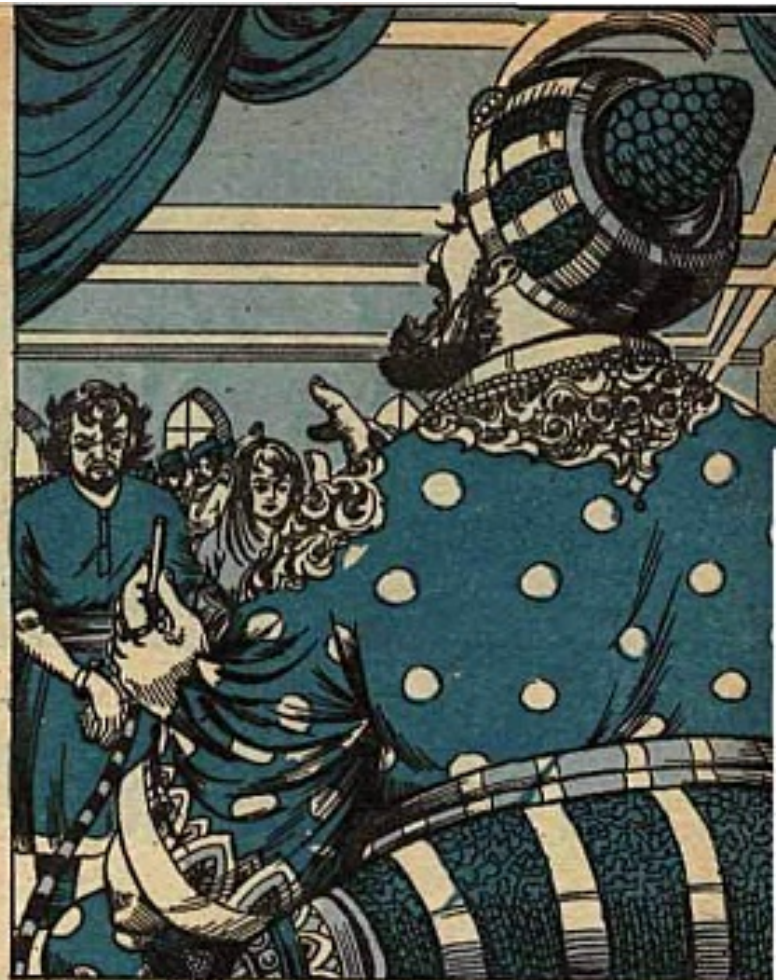


The latter wondered how such a priceless diamond came to be in the possession of Fatima. Suspicious, he went to the Caliph and showed the diamond. The ruler recognised it as one belonging to him. After an enquiry it was found out that the diamond had been stolen by Hasan. The latter was arrested and brought before the Caliph. Hasan confessed the crime and offered to repay the goldsmith.

The Caliph said in a stern voice, "Hasan, you and your wife are very greedy. I am going to impose a novel punishment on you. Each one will have a bag of gold mohur tied round your neck. On no account must you untie the bags from around your neck. Now go. Four guards will watch you constantly."

Hasan and Fatima were inwardly pleased because they expected a stiffer sentence. So they went home gladly. In the meanwhile the Caliph commanded that no citizen should sell the thieving couple anything.

The bags were like milestones round their necks. Hasan and Fatima were bent double under their weight. Their necks



seemed to be on fire. They could not buy any thing for no one would sell them any thing.

At last, hungry and worn out by their ordeal, they went to the Caliph and implored, "Oh! Commander of the Faithful, forgive us our crimes. By giving us this punishment you have cured us of our greed. We don't want this money. We shall live by what we earn."

So the merciful Caliph released them from their torment because he knew that they had learnt their lesson. From that day on, Hasan and Fatima gave up their dishonest practices and lived simply, but honestly.





## THE YOUTH WHO DISAPPEARED

Long long ago there lived a rich man named Dhanapal. He had no children and this worried him very much.

One day he dreamt that a sage had blessed him. He would have a son but if the child's feet touched the ground then he would disappear.

Happy but anxious, Dhanapal waited for the joyous event. Sure enough, by the end of the year, a son was born to him. Though he was not superstitious, Dhanapal remembered the warning of the sage in the dream and gave instructions that the boy's feet must not touch the earth. Five years passed.

One day the maid in charge

of the lad was distracted by a sound in the garden, and in an unguarded moment allowed the boy to slip down. At once the boy disappeared.

The distressed father sent his men all over the country but no trace of the lad could be found.

After several years had passed, Dhanapal's servants reported strange goings on in the palace, as though some one was moving about, some one who stole into the kitchen and ate all the food. Even the beds showed the imprints of somebody who had slept on them.

Dhanapal offered a reward to anyone who could solve the mystery. He felt that there was



some connection between this and the disappearance of his son. Though many came forward to solve the mystery, none succeeded.

When Dhanapal had lost all hope, two maidens, sisters in fact, came forward to unravel the mystery. That night the elder girl went into the haunted room armed with some food and a blanket. At the stroke of the midnight hour, she sensed some unseen presence. She looked up and saw a handsome youth standing before her.

He asked, "Is that food?"

She replied, "Yes, it is. I am going to eat it."

"Oh!" said the young man.

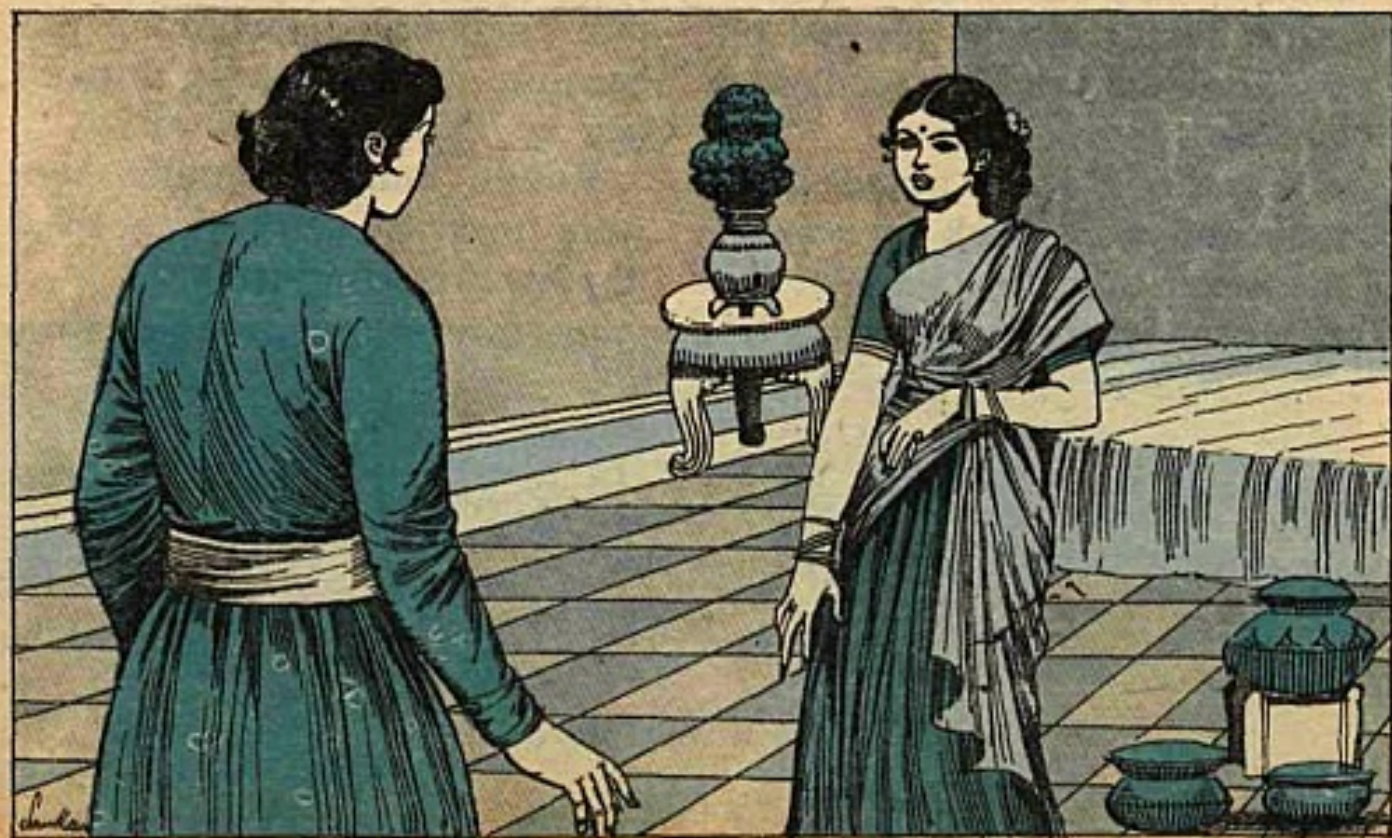
Then he pointed to the bed in the corner and said, "Whose bed is that?"

"That's for me," said the girl.

"Oh!" said the young man again and wandered out of the room.

Next morning Dhanapal was excited to hear of the first girl's encounter and after rewarding her, turned to the next sister and asked whether she could do better.

The next night Rohini took her place in the room and when the young man came offered to share her food with him. She even suggested that he could sleep on the bed while she would lie on the floor.







The youth said, "Thank you. But first I must go and thank those who have helped me all these years."

Then he turned and went into a secret tunnel. Rohini followed him. He soon came to a dazzling paradise in which birds of all kinds fluttered around. As soon as they saw him, the birds came flying. Some perched on his shoulder and chirped and whistled.

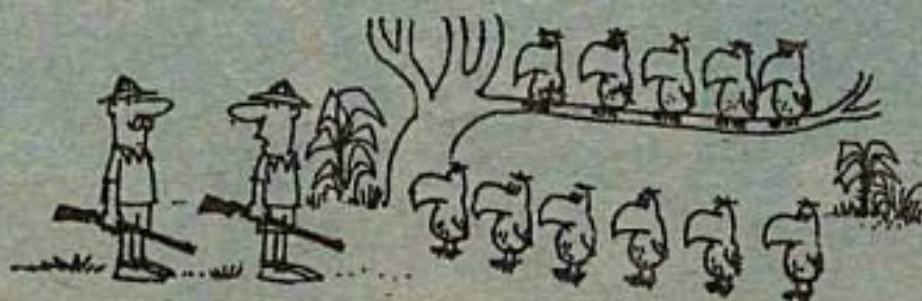
All this Rohini noted carefully and went back by way of the secret tunnel to wait for the

youth. The young man came back, and both sat down to a good dinner. Then the youth slept on the bed.

In the morning he was still there when Dhanapal burst into the room. He recognised the youth as his own lost son. A tearful re-union followed.

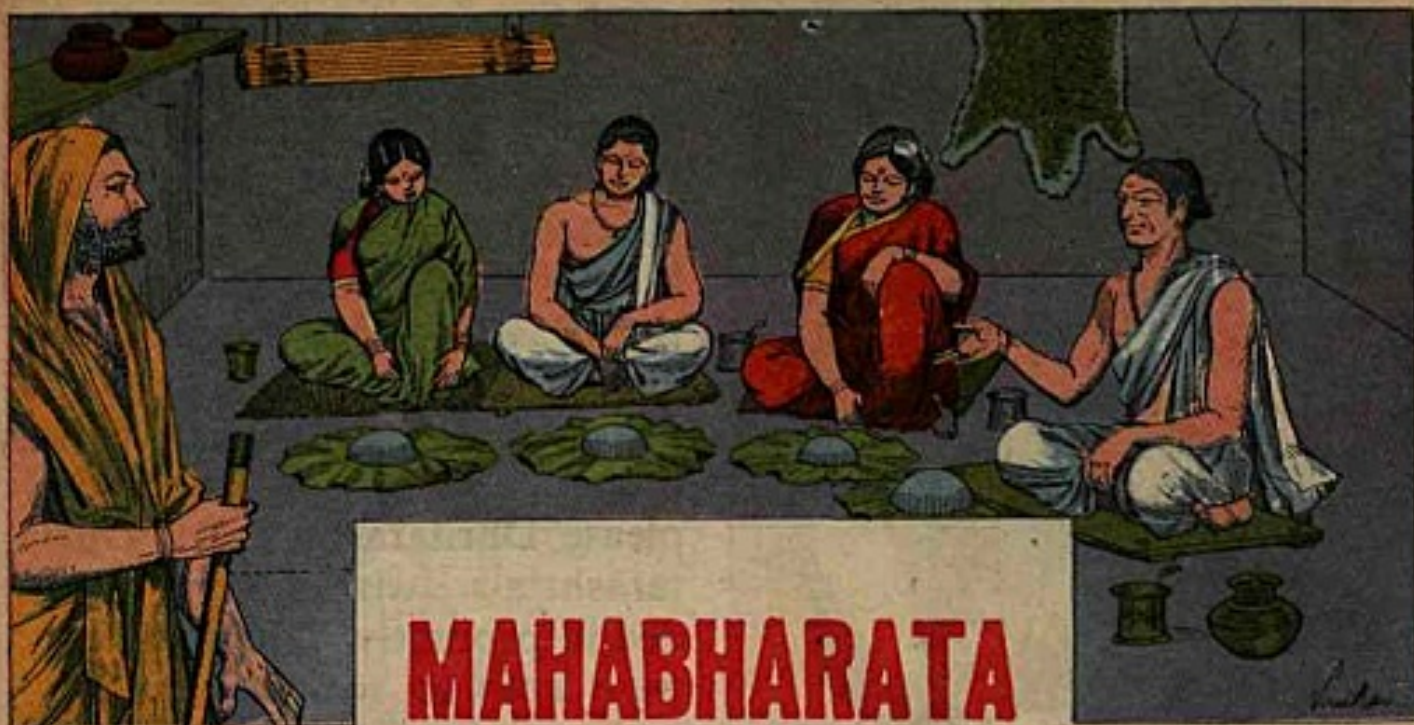
Dhanapal learnt that a certain enchantress had done this because of some wrong done to her by Dhanapal's family.

Rohini and the young man were married, and they lived happily ever afterwards.



"They want to see our passports!"





The mongoose said in reply to Yudhishtira and others:

"I am not exaggerating, Your *Yagna* cannot match the action of the sage of Kurukshetra who distributed only handful of parched flour. As a result of his philanthropy, the sage, his wife, son and daughter-in-law won places in heaven. By coming in his contact, half of my body has turned gold.

"The said Brahmin sage lived with his family in a simple and austere way. They took food only once a day.

"Once there was a terrible drought in the area. The crops dried up. Consequently, the sage's family could hardly manage even their single meal

in a day. One day they returned to their home in the hot noon and sat down to share the food that had been prepared out of some little flour they had received. Just then a Brahmin guest appeared there.

They received the hungry Brahmin with all the attention a noble guest deserves. Then the sage offered to him his portion of the food. The guest ate the dish but his hunger was not satiated. So the sage's wife gladly surrendered her share to the guest. Thereafter the sage's son and the son's wife too transferred their food to the guest's plate. Only then the guest looked satisfied and declared that he was the god Yama. He





had come to give them the boon whereby they would dwell in heaven.

"Gentlemen, I happened to be present on the scene. It is the smell of that flour and the touch of that sacred atmosphere which changed half of me into gold. I visited your place with the hope that the remaining half too would change into gold, since you were performing a great Yagna here! But my hope remains unfulfilled."

Saying this, the mongoose disappeared.

Yudhishtira continued to rule the kingdom with the help of his brothers. Vidur,

Sanjay, and Yuyutsu were always at Yudhishtira's service. Kunti gave company to Gandhari. They were well looked after by Draupadi, Subhadra and the other wives of the Pandavas. Vyasa often visited the place and gave his discourses. Yudhishtira never uttered a word that would displease Dhritarashtra. All Dhritarashtra's wishes were attended to promptly. The Pandavas were keen to see that Dhritarashtra and Gandhari did not feel the absence of their sons. Bhima alone was not well disposed towards Dhritarashtra.

Dhritarashtra often distributed alms. Yudhishtira had declared that whoever did any thing to displease Dhritarashtra would be severely punished. In fact, Dhritarashtra and Gandhari could not have received better care if their sons were alive. They too looked upon the Pandavas as their children.

Fifteen years passed. Dhritarashtra and Gandhari had no reason to complain of any difficulty. However, at times they felt wounded due to Bhima's unkind remarks. Yudhishtira had no knowledge of this.

One day Dhritarashtra told Yudhishtira, "My son, you



have been always most considerate to us. We both are extremely pleased with you. I have done a lot of philanthropy. My sons have gone over to paradise through discharging their duty as Kshatriyas. I have duly performed their funeral rites. There is nothing more for me to do in the world. Now I must do something as preparation for my journey into the world beyond. Please allow me to depart into the forest, accompanied by Gandhari. While in the forest, I will constantly pray for your welfare.

But Yudhishtira did not give his consent. He said, "How can I be in peace while you suffer inside the forest? If you go without food or sleep on the mere ground, the world will blame me and my brothers. I care neither for the throne nor for the comforts. I will rather make a gift of my kingdom to Yuyutsu. But I feel that there is something which pains you. Please tell me what it is. I will remove it, forthwith. "I have just grown the desire to do penance. It is a tradition in our dynasty that old people go to forest. I have already stayed with you for long. Now you should approve of my going to



forest," pleaded Dhritarashtra. He further threatened that unless Yudhishtira allowed him to go over to the forest, he would not touch food.

Just at that time Vyasa happened to come there. He advised Yudhishtira to agree to Dhritarashtra's proposal. Yudhishtira accordingly agreed and Dhritarashtra gave up his fast.

All the people of Hastinapura came to see Dhritarashtra when they heard of his decision. Dhritarashtra told them: "Gandhari and myself are departing into the forest. You all have to approve of our decision. I am sure that Yudhishtira is ruling





far better than Duryodhana. This land had once been ruled by Shantanu and then by Bhishma and then by Vichitravirya. I too had the occasion to serve you. I cannot say how my administration was. If I have done any wrong to anyone. I beg to be pardoned. Numerous Kshatriyas suffered due to Duryodhana's blunder. I too had my share in that. I pray you with folded hands, forget all that had happened. From now on Yudhishtira would be your sole ruler."

On behalf of the people, a Brahmin replied, "O King! You have always been kind to us.

Nobody from your family has ever done any wrong to us, not even Duryodhana. We will always feel for you now that you are going away to forest. Duryodhana is not to blame for the battle. It is Providence which brought about the fall of the Kauravas. But Yudhishtira is a great soul. We wish, let his rule last for a thousand years."

Next morning Vidura met Yudhishtira and said, "My son, Dhritarashtra is going to the forest in the holy month of *Kartik*. Before setting out, he desires to perform some rites to pay homage to the souls of Bhishma, Somadatta, Bahlika, Drona, Saindhava as well as his sons and friends. For this purpose he is in need of money."

Yudhishtira and Arjuna happily agreed to provide the required money, but Bhima kept quiet. Arjuna told him, "Dhritarashtra requires money for some religious rites. It is not proper for us to grudge him what he needs before leaving for the forest."

Bhima said, "Well, money can be given for the rites concerning Bhishma, Somadatta, Bahlika, Bhurishrava, Drona and others. For Karna, Kunti should give the money. But



should we give any money for the benefit of Duryodhana etc.? What does it matter if their souls do not go to heaven? Were they not responsible for all our sorrow?"

Yudhishtira told Bhima, "You better keep quiet." He then told Vidura, "Never mind Bhima's sentiments. Dhritarashtra would get whatever he needs."

Dhritarashtra performed the rites in a grand scale. Alms were distributed liberally. Then along with Gandhari, he worshipped Kartikeya and wearing bark, set out for forest. Brahmins read hymns and led the way. They were followed by the Kaurava women. The Pandavas wept. Kuntidevi walked holding Gandhari's hand. Draupadi, Subhadra, Parikshit, Uttara and other women of the city walked behind them. Vidura and Sanjay had obtained the permission to remain with Yudhishtira.

When the city was left behind, Dhritarashtra asked Yuyutsu and Kripacharya to return. Gradually most of the people stayed back. But Yudhishtira continued to walk forward. He told Kuntidevi, "Mother, now



you should return. I will accompany the old king."

But Kunti had decided to go with Dhritarashtra and Gandhari. She told Yudhishtira, "My son, Gandhari and Dhritarashtra are like my parents-in-law. I must be with them to serve them." All the Pandavas tried to dissuade her, but in vain. At last the Pandavas and Draupadi returned to Hastinapura.

Dhritarashtra walked till evening and stopped at a place on the Ganges. Vidura and Sanjay prepared grass-beds for him and Gandhari. They spent the night happily.





At Vidura's suggestion a cottage was erected on the Ganges. After staying there for some days, they went to Kurukshetra and stayed in an Ashram. A king named Satayupa who had passed on his throne to his son, was also staying there for penance.

Dhritarashtra began his penance. Kunti received such people who came to meet them. Dhritarashtra talked to the people at intervals of his penance.

As Dhritarashtra departed from Hastinapura, the city appeared to be devoid of grace. The people often used to meet the

old king and talk to him. The Pandavas were most sad. Because of the departure of Kuntidevi they had lost all zest and did not feel interest in anything.

Sahadev was constantly pining for Kunti. He was anxious to see her. Draupadi one day told Yudhishtira, "All the women wish to see Gandhari, Dhritarashtra and Kuntidevi." Yudhishtira at once prepared to start for Dhritarashtra's Ashram. He declared that if the citizens so wished they too could accompany them.

They set out the next day with a number of chariots, horses, camels and a large crowd following them. The ladies were carried in palanquins. Yuyutsu and Dhaumya stayed back in the palace.

The Ashtramites came forward to receive the Pandavas. Yudhishtira asked them, "Where is our uncle?"

They were told that Dhritarashtra had gone to the Yamuna, to fetch water and flowers. The Pandavas advanced towards the river and could see Dhritarashtra, Gandhari and Kuntidevi from some distance. Sahadev rushed forward and falling at Kuntidevi's feet, wept like a child. She too could not



control her tears and embraced Sahadev and told everything to Gandhari. Soon the other Pandavas reached them.

Dhritarashtra, surrounded by the Pandavas and their wives, felt as if he was again back at Hastinapura! All the sages of the Ashram came to see the Pandavas. Sanjay introduced the Pandavas to the sages. After they left and Yudhishtira had enquired about Dhritarashtra's health, he asked, "Where is Vidura? I don't see him!"

"Vidura has given up food and is undergoing strenuous penance. He has grown extremely weak. I hear that sometimes he is seen wandering inside the forest, bereft of any robe," said Dhritarashtra.

While Dhritarashtra was speaking, Vidura could be seen at a

distance. Yudhishtira proceeded towards him. Inside the forest sometimes Vidura was visible and sometimes not. Yudhishtira shouted, "Vidura! Please wait. I am eager to meet you!"

Vidura stood at an open place. "Don't you recognise me?" asked Yudhishtira as he reached him. Vidura was very much emaciated. He looked penetratively at Yudhishtira. Yudhishtira felt it was as if Vidura's body and life were merging in him!

Soon thereafter Yudhishtira could see Vidura lying dead. He wanted to burn the dead body; but as it was forbidden to burn a mendicant's body, he refrained from it. He returned to Ashram and reported the incident to all. All were surprised. (Contd.)







## CAN SUNFLOWER SEEDS BE EATEN?

They are eaten regularly in various ways. Each bloom has a head with a large number of seeds. These are rich in fat and protein, which is food that helps us to grow. Seeds are fed to poultry and farm animals or are crushed for their oil. This is used in margarine and other food made with vegetable oils. In some countries, however, they are roasted and eaten. Sunflowers are so named because their heads turn to the sun.

## WHAT ARE WALTZING MICE?

These mice have the strange habit of standing on the hind legs and spinning round. This is thought to be due to the creatures having been bred for so many centuries in small cages. Originally raised in China, they are now bred mainly in Japan.



## WONDERS WITH COLOURS







## A CLEVER DECISION

One day, Yasaskara the Wise, was leaving his court, when a Brahmin was led into his presence. The king asked the Brahmin what he wanted and the latter said, "Sir, I travelled to many distant lands and earned a hundred gold pieces. Yesterday in the evening I rested under a tree near a place called Lavanotsava. In the morning I went to a nearby well to wash my face and unfortunately my money bag fell into the water. I could not go down because of the dense bushes surrounding the well. Just then a man offered to go down and recover my bag, but asked what I would give him as a reward. I said I would take what he desired and the rest will be his. Then

he jumped into the well, and brought up my bag. He took all my money and gave me only two gold pieces. When I protested he said that I should stick to my promise. I spoke to several people about this, but everyone agrees with that man. I have lost all the money earned by the sweat of my brow. Therefore, I have come to you for justice."

Yasaskara replied that he would give his judgement the next day. Next day he called the other man and taking out the hundred gold pieces, gave two to him and returned the balance to the Brahmin. When the court objected to this, the wise monarch said, "You must carefully notice the terms of the





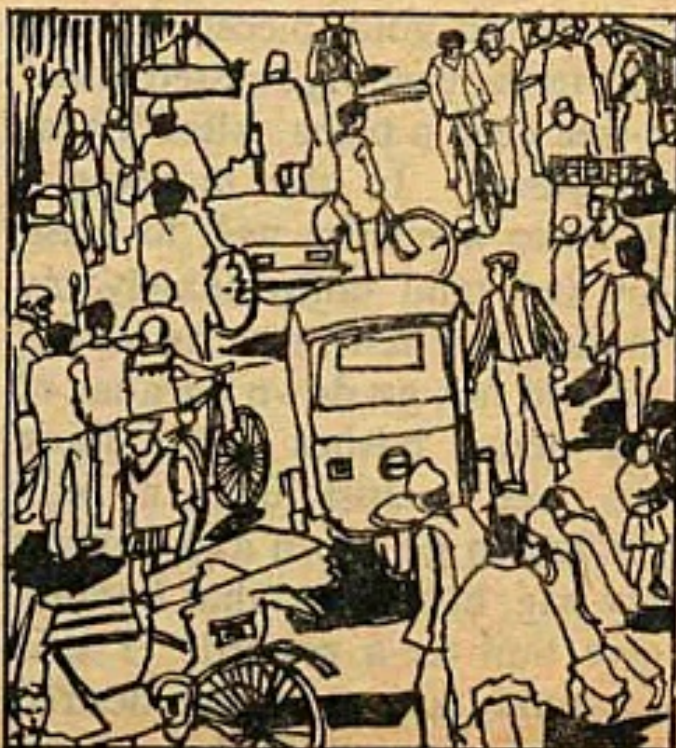
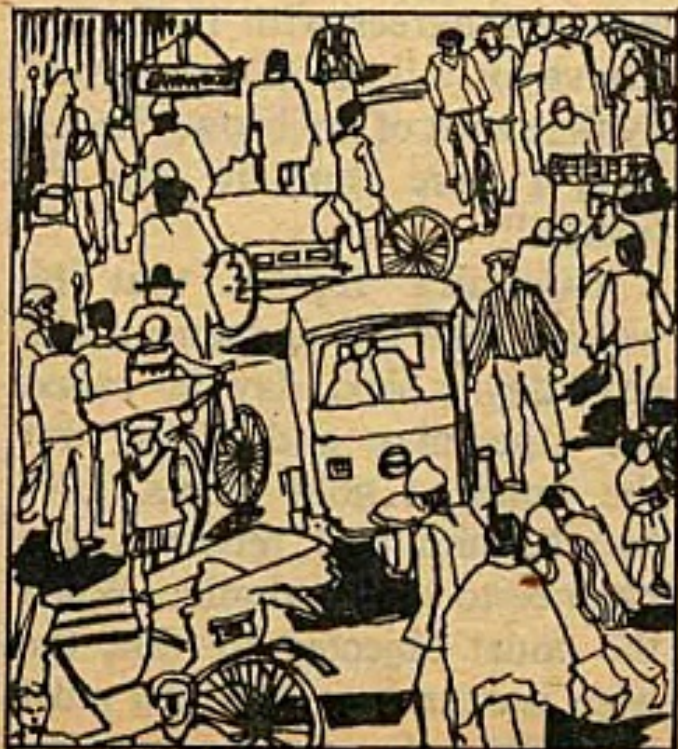
contract between these two. The contract was that the man would give the Brahmin whatever he himself chose. He chose ninety-eight gold pieces. Therefore, according to the contract, this

man himself will get only two gold pieces."

The court praised the cleverness of the king and condemned the greedy man who wanted to cheat the Brahmin.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)





## THREE GIFTS

The Prince of the Golden City became a king at a very young age. He had a mother and a sister. He was also married to a lovely maiden. He loved them all equally.

One day a hermit came to his palace and gave him a flower, a necklace and a bead. Then he said, "Oh King, give these to those who love you the best. The one who wears the flower will be lovelier than before. The one who wears the necklace will always do good to you, and the one who swallows the bead will have not a care in the world."

The king thought over the words of the hermit. He realised that the holy man had intended that he should benefit through these gifts. So he gave the bead to his mother, flower to his sister and the necklace to his wife.

He gave the bead to his mother so that she could live without any worry. His wife would always think of his welfare, so the necklace went to her. If his sister grew more lovelier than before, she could be married off to the handsomest prince in the world. So she got the flower. The king proved wise in his decisions.







## LI, THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Long ago in the hills of China lived a family. The second son of the family, Hsi, was to be married shortly, and a bride was duly selected.

Li, the young girl came to the house of her mother-in-law and was immediately given a lot of work to do.

Now in the courtyard of the house stood a strange tree which shed round copper leaves in the morning. The family picked up the leaves and after boring through them used them as money. Boring a hole in the centre of the copper leaves was a difficult task. One had to heat the copper flat and then hammer it on a thin wedge which made the hole. Li was given this job and though her

fingers became bruised she carried on without a murmur.

One day unable to bear the pain in her fingers she sat and shed tears. Just then an old man hobbling by asked her for the cause of her sorrow. Li related to him her misfortune. The old man listened attentively and then said, "See yonder stone figure! It has an arm pointed towards the tree. Break the arm and the tree will die."

Quick as thought Li broke the arm of the stone idol and at once the tree turned yellow. When the mother-in-law saw this, she at once guessed that Li was at the bottom of all this mischief. So brandishing



a sword she rushed at the hapless girl in great anger. Frightened out of her wits, Li ran for dear life and hid in a nearby forest. The mother-in-law searched for her high and low, but there was no sign of the girl. So she returned home fuming with anger.

Li, in order to escape the wrath of her mother-in-law, wandered far into the forest. She dared not return home, and so stayed in the forest, eating the wild fruits and juicy roots.

Soon a change came over her. A pair of white wings sprouted on her sides. At last she could fly like birds. So she flew to a tree over-looking a Buddhist pagoda and spent her time there.

A monk residing in the pagoda saw the strange creature and was eager to capture her.

One day he placed some food in an earthen vessel and left it at the bottom of the tree. Then he hid himself. Soon enough the hungry Li swooped down and started eating the food.

The monk chanting some spells, caught her. Li tried to escape by flying away, but she could only flutter her wings. As she had eaten the human



food, her magical powers had failed. Then she related her sorrowful tale to the monk. At once her feathers fell away and she became normal. Moved to pity by her words, the monk took her home and admonished the astonished mother-in-law, "Treat your daughter-in-law well, otherwise she'll change into a ghost and haunt you. I myself saw this happen."

Much impressed by the monk's words and not a little frightened at the prospect of being haunted by a ghost, the mother-in-law did as the monk bade her do. From that day on Li lived happily with Hsi.





## BOND OF LOVE

Once upon a time there lived a farmer named Hari. He had a son called Govind. Now, Govind was a good-for-nothing boy and a source of great anxiety to his father. He scolded him often but Govind did not improve. Soon after Hari married his son off to a neighbour's daughter. He hoped, that marriage would sober down his wayward son. But that was not to be.

One day Govind said to Hari, "Father, I want my share of the property. I'll go away from here and live independently elsewhere."

Rather taken aback by this, Hari said, "Son, why do you

want to leave me? Live here and be happy with us."

Govind remarked angrily, "No, father, you've never liked me. All that I got from you were abuses and kicks. So I shall go away and live as I please."

Hari realised that further argument was useless. So he gave away a portion of his property to his son. Govind went to another town and began to live happily.

In course of time a son was born to him. Krishnan was the name of the child, but when the latter grew up he became as wayward as his father had been.



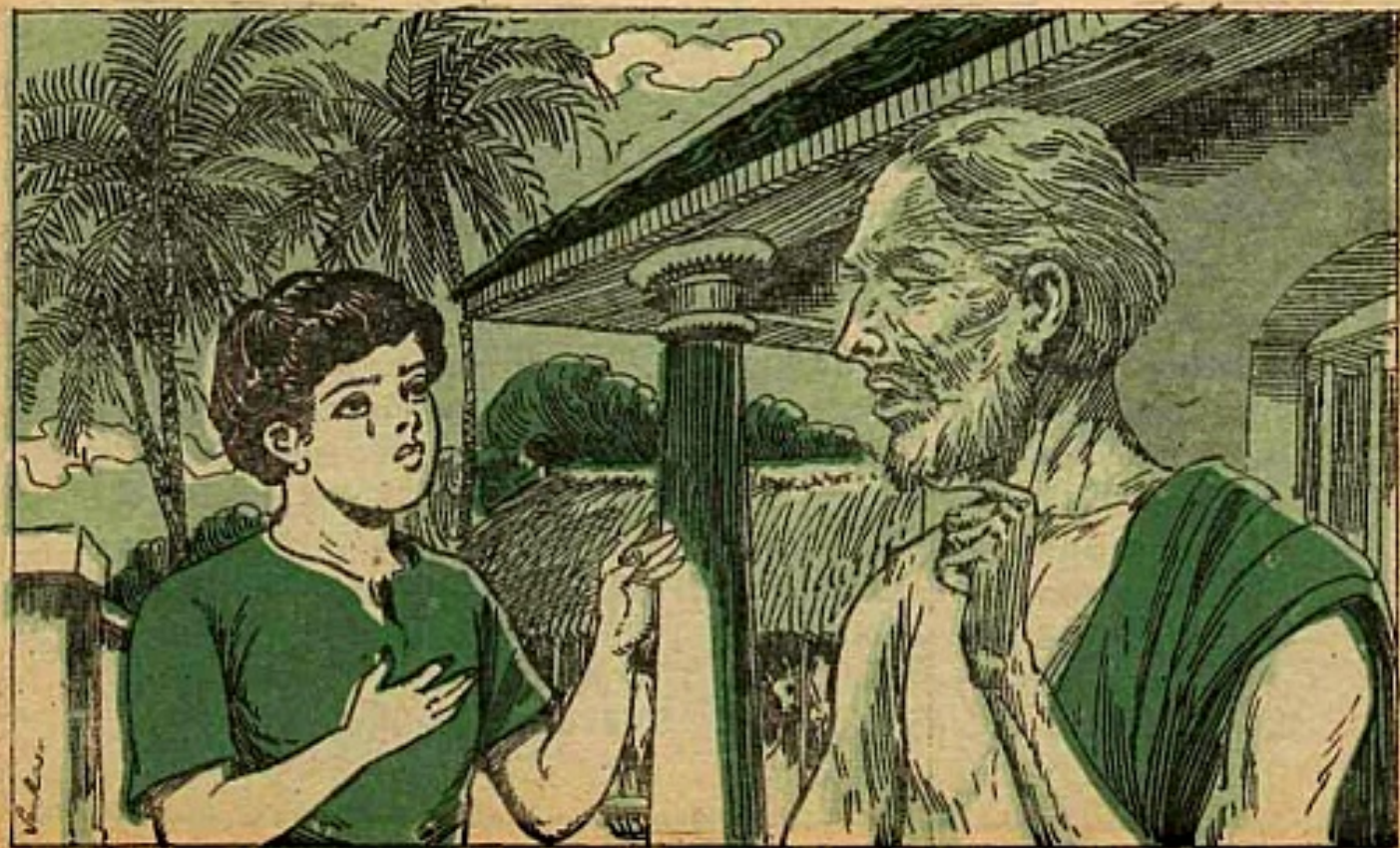
Govind tried his best to cure him of his slothful habits, but all to no avail. Out of despair he one day beat the boy with a hard stick. Krishnan ran away from home. He went straight to his grandfather's house and related what had happened. Hari took his grandson to another house and bade him stay there. After some time Govind came in search of his son, and complained to his father.

"Father, Krishnan has become an idler and loafer. I got angry with him and scolded him for his conduct. Now he has run away and I don't know where he has gone."

Hari replied with contempt, "It seems your son is following your footsteps. Never mind. Let him go. He's been a wicked lad and it's no loss anyway."

Govind returned home dissatisfied with his father's words, though he had to admit that the old man had spoken the truth.

But his affection and love for Krishnan were so great that he began to pine for the lost boy. Soon he fell seriously ill. Hearing of this, Hari came to see him. He brought with him Krishnan who had by this time realised the folly of his conduct.







Govind was overjoyed to see his son restored to him safe and sound. Then Hari said, "Govind, know that a father loves his son dearly. Though you knew that your son was a loafer, yet when he ran away, you could not bear the shock. Such is the bond of love. Can you now imagine how much I

must have felt when my son left me?"

Hari's words struck home and Govind felt deeply ashamed for his conduct. He fell at his father's feet and begged forgiveness. Then he took up residence with his father again and lived happily ever afterwards.

### WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

#### ANSWERS

1. The Ibis; 2. It is a line on a map joining places of equal temperature; 3. 2,39,000 miles (more accurately 2,38,866 miles); 4. Seven; 5.  $-2.5^{\circ}$  to  $3^{\circ}$  C; 6. A straight line joining two points on the circumference of a circle and passing through the centre; 7. 'Edwin Drood'; 8. Tannin; 9. Mars; 10. The Ear; 11. Nicholas II; 12. The Gorilla; 13. George Frederick Handel; 14. Russia; 15. 1st April; 16. Auckland; 17. Marsupials; 18. Angel Falls, Venezuela (3212 ft.); 19. Mount Godwin Austen; 20. Maria Antoinette; 21. The Antarctic; 22. Fourteen; 23. Robinson Crusoe; 24. The West Indies.



# ENTER CHICLETS LAUGH 'N CHEW CONTEST



**Over 500 prizes  
for the earliest  
correct entries!**



Ask for the new Chiclets Laugh 'n Chew pack. Each pack has, on its back, a side-splitting illustration that'll make you chew, laugh, laugh, chew, tear-off, collect. There are 30 illustrations.



Cut 30



1st prize



2nd prize



3rd prize

## How to enter the Laugh 'n Chew Contest.

There are 30 different Laugh 'n Chew illustrations. Cut out all 30 and send them along with your name and address to Warner-Hindustan Limited, P. O. Box No. 9116, Bombay 400 025. The first 3 all-correct entries received will win fabulous Transistors and there are colourful Stickers for the next 500. So hurry up and get started!

By the way, 12 of the characters featured in the illustrations do not have any names. For example, do you know who's chewing Chiclets when he is not with Josephine? If not, ask your friends. That's an additional bit of fun from the Chiclets Laugh 'n Chew pack!



Remember, if you find lucky yellow Chiclets in your Laugh 'n Chew pack, ask your shopkeeper for another one.

**FREE.**



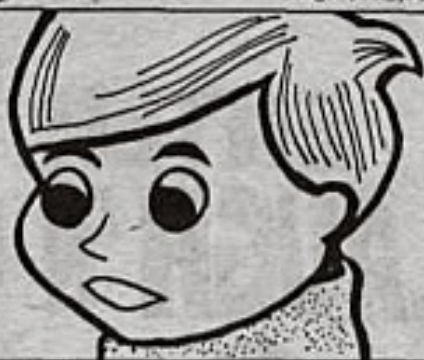
## Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

Why son, what happened?



Sunil bowled a short ball. I tried to cut, but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up at your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.



And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, it's nearly eight-thirty, son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums so they'll be healthy and strong.



Yes, Daddy.

Come, let's both brush our teeth with Forhan's toothpaste.



**Forhan's**  
the toothpaste  
created by  
a dentist



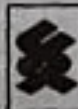


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SEKAI



# ADVENTURES OF RAM & SHYAM



Meeting  
the  
wicked  
witch

In the jungle late at  
night, A weird hut  
they do sight.



No human sign do they spot  
but rabbits and frogs  
quite a lot.



Ayeeee they  
gave a squeak  
They suddenly heard  
the animals speak.



"Oh help us,  
help us do.  
We too are  
humans  
like you"



Suddenly thunder  
in the room, Lands  
the red-eyed witch  
on her broom



"You're in my power"  
cackles she  
"In to small frogs  
I'll turn thee."



But Ram and Shyam  
the tricky pair  
Threw Poppins packets  
in the air



The witch smiled  
with happy glee  
And look now they're  
all set free



Lickable  
Likeable  
Lovable  
**PARLE POPPINS**  
Fruity Sweets